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the ruffian slayer of the innocent girl was observed to shudder violently. The preacher paused for a few moments, as if to leave time for the individual application of his precepts. He then resumed, in a tone of thinking, penetrating power, yet low and solemn—"Is there one here that nurses his secret, unrepented sin, within his bosom? Is there one here that has hurried a virtuous and unoffending fellow-creature to eternity, and yet hath not acknowledged his crime? Is there one here (and his tones became more supernaturally searching) that consigned the form of the innocent girl he affected to love to a watery grave, and who thought that because no human eye was upon him he should therefore escape vengeance? Has his sin not 'found him out?' Is not his breast corroded with the anguish of remorse? Would he not wish—aye! hath he not often wished that *he* had been hurled down the mountain torrent, and that she was now alive? Does he not wish it at this very moment?" The agitation of the guilty wretch now became uncontrollable—he no longer could contain. "Yes!" he exclaimed, "I wish it with all the veins of my heart!" He forthwith made an open, unreserved confession, and subsequently surrendering himself to justice, was executed for the crime he had committed. The priest accompanied the eloquent preacher from the chapel, through a wild heathy valley encumbered with masses of scattered rocks; he pressed him strongly to come to his house and partake of some refreshment. But the preacher resolutely declined; and when they reached the wildest part of the valley, he whistled, and was instantly answered by the neighing of a large grey horse that had been feeding, unfettered, on the herbage. The animal approached him, and seemed by his mute actions to rejoice at meeting his master. He bounded on the back of his steed, and turning round once more to the priest, thus expressed himself:—"Do not attempt to come any farther with me. Who I am you shall not know—I do my master's service. I know not the people of your mountains, and they know not me; but this day will never be forgotten among them. I desire to be remembered among them as the avenger of innocent blood. Farewell." At these words he struck his horse with a switch, and disappearing behind a thicket, the priest saw him no more. Who he was, or in what manner he discovered the circumstance of the murder, never was known. But his eloquent sermon is said to have produced lasting blessings in the district; the manners of its lawless inhabitants were softened, and their characters improved by his powerful appeal, and the striking and impressive event that accompanied it.

WHAT ELOQUENCE DOST THOU LOVE BEST?

What eloquence dost *thou* love best—
 The lyre, the lamp, the tongue, the eye;
 Which vary here our strange unrest,
 By every shade of fear or joy?
 The lyre, disturbed by warrior fingers,
 Rouses the passions into strife:
 When beauty wakes the tone, it lingers
 Around the gentler springs of life—
 Soothes the hurt spirit's fitful sadness—
 Exults in love or war's brief madness—
 Giving to all a thrilling zest—
 What eloquence dost *thou* love best?
 The lamp to study pale has brought
 The treasures of the ebbing past;
 Whose hours are years of struggling thought—
 But life on earth shall death outlast—
 Whose mind, self-luminous, like a star
 Looks out to men and things afar,
 By love of wondrous lore oppress—
 What eloquence dost *thou* love best?
 The tongue, persuasion's golden flood
 Gushing from depth of heart and brain,
 Rolls o'er the ready multitude,
 With turbid wave on wave, again;
 And pealing shout, and glancing brand
 Answer the tyrannous command,
 And glorious praise from every breast—
 What eloquence dost *thou* love best?

The eye, when flashing conscious power,
 Or bent in far and thoughtful slumbers,
 Adds might to genius' happiest hour,
 And sympathy to music's numbers;
 Releasing thoughts for words too bright,
 By a mute language of pure light,
 To all revealed, by all exprest—
 What eloquence dost *thou* love best?
 Newcastle. J. L. L.

ELLEN.

The circumstance alluded to in the following lines is well known in the South of Ireland.

The maid is gone, but not to sleep—
 Her chamber overlooks the wave
 She sits all night to gaze and weep,
 For, underneath the waters deep
 She knows the sand is Dermot's grave.

'Tis there the peasant Dermot lies—
 A noble, though an humble one
 Was he who look'd on Ellen's eyes,
 And saw no light beneath the skies,
 Save that which round his lady shone.

Her brothers saw him moor his bark,
 To wait the signal of the hour;
 The winds were high, the night was dark,
 Yet they were lingering there to mark
 The youth who sought the well-known tower.

His foot was on the castle's wall,
 He saw her signal taper glow:
 Then Ellen heard the whizzing ball—
 She shrieked, and saw her lover fall,
 And splash into the waves below.

The lonely lady does not speak,
 But sits in sorrow night and day—
 And those who gaze upon her cheek,
 Wish that her widowed heart would break,
 That she might pass from earth away.

Few know the grief, which all may see—
 And still she lives—but she is dead
 In soul, and only longs to be
 In the cold grave, where all are free,
 And where they soon must make her bed.

HALL OF TARA.

In the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, there is preserved the fragment of an ancient Irish manuscript, containing a description of the Banqueting Hall of Tamar or Tara, which is very curious. It states, that "The palace of Tamar was formerly the seat of Conn, of the hundred battles; it was the seat of Art, and of Cairbre Liffeachar, and of Cathar Mor, and of every king who ruled in Tamar, to the time of Niall.

"In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tamar was nine hundred feet square; the surrounding *rath* seven *diu*, or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments, one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping rooms for guards, and sixty men in each: the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking horns, twelve porches, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers, and nobles.

"The eating hall had twelve stalls, or divisions, in each wing, with tables and passages round them; sixteen attendants on each side, eight to the astrologers, historians, and secretaries in the rear of the hall, and two to each table at the door; one hundred guests in all; two oxen, two sheep, and two hogs, at each meal divided equally to each side."

The quantity of meat and butter that were daily consumed here, surpasses all description; there were twenty-seven kitchens, and nine cisterns for washing hands and feet, a ceremony not dispensed with from the highest to the lowest.